

quick jerk, like someone just shot electricity into him, which they did.

We all stare at him.

And would you believe it, suddenly I hear Mr. Burns take a gasp. On his own! We all hold our breath. Then even I can see his chest start to rise and fall again! Jonesy looks at Red and the other guy, and suddenly she starts to cry. Red puts his arm around her, and then I can't see them anymore, because I'm crying too.

When the medics finally leave for the hospital with Mr. Burns on their stretcher, the heart monitor is still attached to him. I hold the door open, and and they go by me, I can hear the loud, steady beep beep from the machine. I look over at Jonesy and Alicia. From the way they are now smiling, I can tell they are listening to it too.

Prettiest darn sound I ever did hear!

THE POOR LITTLE BIC GIRL  
(With Apologies to Hans Christian Anderson)

Jane McCollum

It was dreadfully cold outside. Cars were piled everywhere, schools were closed, and the National Weather Bureau had issued a traveler's warning.

But not everyone could enjoy the Indianapolis ice holiday. Butler

students were still required to attend classes, and the little Bic girl had set out from home to sell her wares.

She was trudging downtown with a bare head and bare feet. Her feet had been covered when she had started from home that morning. But she was wearing her father's high-top tennis shoes, which were too big, and they had slipped off when she jumped out of the way of a skidding automobile.

The little Bic girl was carrying a small bundle of lighters she had purchased at cost. No one had bought any that day. She was trembling with cold and she was hungry, because the ice had prevented her folks from picking up their food stamps. But she could not go home. Her parents would ground her because she had not sold any of the lighters (and she had even read *How to Win Friends and Influence People*). Going home would not keep her warm, either. After all, the coal miners were on strike. Poor little child.

She could bear the cold no more. She was tired of fighting the snow. She sighted a stoop nearby, and plopped down on it. Minutes later she was forced to move. Loitering was not allowed. She moved on and found a quiet corner where she tried to warm her feet and hands. She eyed the lighters she was carrying and thought of the guaranteed 10,000 lights. Certainly she could spare a few flicks for herself.

She flicked the Bic and saw images in the flame. Her thoughts were warm. She saw a beautiful table, set with the finest china and silver. She smelled the Swift's Premium Butterball turkey. It looked and smelled so real she grabbed for it. She had put her flame out.

She flicked her Bic again. This time she saw the world's most beautiful Christmas tree. The tree was silver, artificial, and adorned with blue bulbs. It was prettier than any she had seen in the stores on Halloween. Under it a large box, marked with her name, sat prettily decorated. Again, she reached for the image and extinguished her flame.

She flicked her Bic once more. In a matter of minutes she was on her way to that place where neither cold, nor hunger, nor pain is ever known—jail. She had accidentally set the building on fire and was arrested immediately. To make matters worse, she was also arrested for peddling goods without a license.

The people who read her story blamed her misfortune on education, television, and lower class ignorance (society in general).

Poor little child.

But the poor little Bic girl did not care. She was not cold. She was not hungry.